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IN A TUNNEL.

The Awful Mistake of a New-Made Bridegroom.

A newly married couple were en route to Washington by the Baltimore & Ohio. There are many tunnels on this road the other side of the Ohio river. All through Ohio the face of the young man were occasional looks of pain, despite his great joy. He seemed to want something. Apparently he yearned. Over in West Virginia the train entered a tunnel. Upon emerging into the light the young man's face was seen to wear a studious expression. He was thinking. At first he seemed perplexed, then interested, then triumphant. He had had a revelation. Then he smiled with a firm, manly, continuous smile, and his eyes peered ahead for the first sign of a yawning cavern in the mountain side. The bride was happy and demure. Which—shadows—rumbles—darkness. The rail is drawn. It is another tunnel. Light again, and the young man looks happier than ever. The bride's cheek displays a gentle blush—a modest, inexperienced blush, discovered only to the initiated and envious. No perplexity, no anxiety now. The revelation has been tested and found a success. There are many tunnels, but not enough. If the whole line were a tunnel the bride and groom would not care how slow the train proceeded. The man who has not lived to bless the builder of tunnels does not know what happiness is. He is but little above the brute, which never troubled the Creator for passing clouds over the moon on prayer meeting night. But our bridegroom was not one of these parties. He appreciated all the blessings which man and nature had bestowed upon him. He did not miss a tunnel.

But all things must have an end. Daylight always comes to the newly married. Strawberries and cream must be paid for at the cashier's desk. Within the bluish cucumber hides a microbe. Our young husband goes for a drink of water. While on this errand his eager eye catches the signs of another tunnel. Of course he fears his bride will be so afraid if left alone in the darkness, and he hastens to her side. Quick are his feet, but faster moves the train. Darkness gathers while he is yet half a dozen seats away. But the brave man does not falter. He gropes along, he reaches the seat (or thinks he does) and slides in to it. Deep are the shadows and huns the train.

A scream long and vigorous—a sound of scuffling—a thump or two—and the bright light of a May day breaks upon the scene. The young husband frantically endeavors to free himself from the grasp of an angry colored woman sitting in a seat just behind the bride. He at length succeeds and retires sullenly to his seat, wiping his mouth and occasionally spitting upon the floor as if he had bitten through a worm in a fig.

The tunnels come and go, but their shadows are scarcely deeper than those upon the face of the young honeymoon.

Advice to a Young Man.

Give the poor man a chance? My son the poor man takes about all the chances without waiting to have one given him. If you give him any more chances than he takes he will soon own everything, and run the Ohio man out of the country. The fact is we must curtail the poor man's chances a little. We must sit down on him and hold him down, and give the rich man a chance. The poor man has had things his own way too long. He has crowded the rich man out. But for the poor man the old world would have cast anchor 6,000 years ago, and be covered with moss and barnacles to-day like a United States man-of-war. George Peabody was a boy in a grocery. Edgar Allan Poe was the son of a strolling player. John Adams was the son of a farmer. Benjamin Franklin, the printer, was the son of a tallow chandler; Gifford, the first editor of the Quarterly Review, was a common sailor; Ben Jonson was a bricklayer; the father of Shakespeare couldn't spell and couldn't write his own name—neither can you; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike; Robert Burns was the child of poverty, the eldest of seven children, the family of a poor bankrupt; John Milton was the son of a scrivener. Andrew Jackson, was the son of a poor Irish man; Andrew Johnson was a tailor, Garfield was a boy of all work, too poor even to have a trade; Grant was a tanner, Lincoln a keel boatman and common farm hand, and the Prince of Wales is the son of a Queen. It is his misfortune not his fault; he couldn't help it, and he can't help it now. But you see, my dear boy, that's all there is of him; he's just the Prince of Wales, and he's only that because he can't help it. Be thankful, my son, that you weren't born a Prince; be glad that you didn't strike twelve the first time. If there is a patch on your knee and your elbows are glossy there is some hope for you, but never again let me hear you say that the poor man has no chance. True, a poor lawyer, a poor doctor, a poor printer, a poor workman of any kind has no chance; he deserves to have none, but the poor man monopolizes about all the chances there are. Put Laban and Jacob in business together anywhere, and in about fourteen years Jacob will not only own about four-fifths of the cattle, but he will have married about one half of his partner's family. Go to, my son, let us give the rich man a chance.—Burdette.

The New Strawberry Pest—The Weevil.

It is announced by the daily press, that Prof. Riley, Entomologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington D. C., is to visit Staten Island and inspect the strawberry beds, which are devastated by a new insect pest. The strawberry growers of Michigan have been annoyed by the same insect, and cultivators elsewhere have reason to be on the look-out for it. In view of its importance, we give a sketch of the habits and appearance of the Strawberry Weevil. The scientific name of the insect is *Anthonomus muscivorus*; it is known as the Strawberry Weevil. It is closely related to the Plum Weevil, or *Cureulio*.

The Strawberry Weevil feeds upon the flowers of the strawberry, and also pierces the stalks just below the flower clusters, causing them to break off with the young berries, and thus the crop is lost. Mr. S. G. Winant, of Staten Island who first brought this insect to our notice last year, now writes us, that the Weevil scarcely troubles those kind of strawberries which have pistillate flowers. While the Sharpless shows hardly a flower, the Jersey Queen and other pistillate kinds in the same field, are but little disturbed. This immunity of the pistillate varieties may be due to the fact that the insect is fond of pollen, and avoids the flowers which do not furnish it. We are glad that the habits of this insect are to be studied, and trust that it may lead to the suggestion of some effective remedy. The weevil will probably spread, and strawberry growers should be on the watch for its appearance. Hand picking a few weevils, when they are first seen upon the flowers, may save much trouble. The insect is no imported enemy, but native, which has only recently invaded cultivated grounds. As in other cases, finding an abundance of food to its liking, the insect will no doubt increase with a rapidity heretofore unknown to it.—*American Agriculturist* for July.

How it Was Settled.

Washington Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.

The strained relations which existed under the Folger regime between Assistant Secretary New, and Appointment Clerk Butler, were matters of public comment and frequently led to ludicrous scenes. The following I heard the other day and as it has never been printed before I venture to tell it now. Appointments made in the department required to be countersigned by the Assistant Secretary after they left the appointment division. This led to endless bickering and quarrels. One day a laborer employed in the vaults of the Treasury applied to Mr. New to be detailed to do some work less trying to his health. He wanted to be transferred to the top story of the building, he said. As he was a protégé of New, his request was granted, without trouble, of course. New directed an order to be drawn and endorsed on the back:

"This man goes up stairs, John C. New Assistant Secretary."

In due course of time the order reached the appointment division. Butler saw New's endorsement. That was enough. He at once sent for the man.

"You want to go up stairs?" "Yes sir."

"And you have seen the Assistant Secretary about it?" "Yes sir."

"Well I have something to say about this." And before the astonished man could recover his breath Mr. Butler had put under Mr. New's endorsement the words:

"This man goes down stairs. J. B. Butler, Appointment Clerk."

The paper was sent back to the office of the Assistant Secretary. Mr. New looked with some surprise at Mr. Butler's order countermarching his own. Then he quietly drew his pen across it and once more wrote:

"This man goes up stairs, John C. New, Assistant Secretary."

Again the paper went back to the Appointment Division. Butler glanced at it for a minute and again he wrote: "This man goes down stairs, J. B. Butler, Appointment Clerk."

This harmless little game was kept up for some time until the paper had been filed with Messrs New and Butler's endorsements. Then, at last, these gentlemen thought it best to refer the whole matter to Secretary Folger. He listened calmly to the statements of the rivals and after a few moments reflection delivered the following judgment, worthy, surely, of a Solomon: "Gentlemen," he said, "I shall order the man to be employed on the elevator. This will be in the nature of a compromise. Half of his time will spent down stairs the other half up stairs. The case is dismissed."

Mule Versus Bear.

Joseph Gilbert, the superintendent of the great farming operations of the Laguna ranch, on Wednesday discovered a large cinnamon bear in one of the corrals of the ranch occupied by a band of mules. Bruin had evidently regaled himself on some young pigs, and gone into the mule corral to get a drink of water. While Mr. Gilbert was gone to the house to get a rifle to shoot the bear, the mules became offended at the stranger, and broke at him right and left and all other ways known to an active and earnest mule. The heaviest battalions were on the side of the mules, and when Mr. Gilbert returned the bear had climbed a tree to escape their fury. It was then discovered that his bearship had a short chain attached to him, and on the presumption that somebody had lost a bear, the workmen on the ranch climbed another tree near by and with a riata lassoed the brute and brought him down to terra firma.—*Los Angeles Herald*.

Nothing Mean About Him.

"Robert," remarked the wife of a penurious man, "I am on my death bed, I have tried to be a good and faithful wife, and have but one favor to ask of you before I die."

"What is that, Margaret?"

"You know I was born and raised in Cleveland. It was there I first met you and the happiest hours of our wedded life were spent. You remember this, Robert?"

"Yes," uneasily.

"My relatives are all buried there, and when I am gone I wish to rest beside them. Will you grant me this one favor?"

"There will be considerable expense attached to it," musingly.

"Oh, Robert! I will never rest easy in my grave anywhere else."

"Well, Maggie, I'll tell you what I'll do. I don't want to be mean about the thing. I'll bury you here first, and then, if I notice any signs of restlessness on your part, I'll take you to Cleveland afterward."—*St. Louis Republic*.

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